

FASHION FLITTING FOR ITS SPRING OUTING.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

SOCIETY in town was dull during the past week. The weather was so delightful that almost all indoor entertainments were abandoned, as if by tacit consent, and society sallied forth to field and forest for riding, driving or golfing as the fancy ran. So that Cholly has more to say of riding habits to-day than of evening gowns.

New York.

Yesterday, however, society came out gloriously. The stretchdown at the Whitney farm was the occasion for the turning out of the entire Meadowbrook and Long Island colonies. And they did turn out with a vengeance. The gowns were a beauty to behold, and here and there were horsey women such as Mrs. Smith Hadden and Mrs. Jimmie Kernochan and Mrs. Belmont Purdy, who seem to live in their riding habits. Mrs. Clarence Mackay drove over in her new cart, and very stannish she looked in a Paris gown and one of those hats which she affects and which are so becoming to her.

Mrs. Edward T. Cushing was also one of the most fetching women on the field. Mrs. Cushing, you remember, was May Robie, and there is not a fence on Long Island which she has not taken. Cushing there had been a ladies' stretchdown I am sure that she would have been the favorite. The Cushings have left their winter quarters on Thirty-third street and have come down to their beloved Westbury for the Spring and early Summer.

Among the men yesterday there was Willie Eustice, who is one of the great polo players of the world and who has played the game in every climate and whose name is familiar with the sporting gentry and lovers of the game all over the world. Eustice rode in several of the events yesterday, and among them in that famous heat with dear old Stanley Mortimer, who grows smarter than ever, professes his hate of people who make money in trade and becomes more British as the years roll on. Fred Beach, Billy Hayes, Maxwell Stevenson, Albert Bostwick, Fred Gebhard, Harry Payne Whitney, Fred Benedict, Lee Taiter, Bordie Harriman and a lot of the boys were all out in their glory and their new Spring clothes and weird, striking ties. But those ties, shirts and waistcoats! Gracious Heavens! Spring styles this year would have put to blush old Solomon. His glory, such as it was, is not in it with Lee Taiter. He has it all to himself, now that Albert Stevens is in mourning.

The coaching parade is "off" again. I hardly think we will ever see another. Coaching seems to have gone out, and you miss the old chaps. Reggie Rives and Fred Bronson are faithful to old "Pioneer." But where is Prescott Lawrence? I saw him one evening at the Boston Horse Show. But I miss him in his familiar haunts. And Chas. Smith seems to have gone by the board as far as coaching is concerned. Where is the rival machine that John H. Townsend was to have ridden from the Union Club? We are told that there will be no rival coach, and that if we want to go to Morris Park during the races Townsend will have his drag out there on racing days.

The opening at Morris Park ought to bring some of society out, but I doubt it. Sheephead has always been a little more fashionable, and the late Mrs. August Belmont made a point of going and keeping the interest up. It was easy to drive over from Hempstead. But I doubt if any of the Westchester crowd will exert themselves this year. You will see Reynal and a few others, but not the swell crowd that you would see at an English race course.

But, to return to the coaching trip. There are rather fewer

you can see the old shell of the original house and the name "Peter Goelet" painted on the gray stone.

I do not know how many millions Bob Goelet left, but I should judge considerably over fifty. He spent a great deal of it in this country, and he belonged to about fifteen clubs, and had three houses, including the palace at Newport and his splendid residence on Fifth avenue and his Tuxedo cottage.

Like all wealthy men, he patronized some industries, and had a box at the opera.

The Goelet manner of leaving money is such that charities, public or private, do not come in for a share. Like his brother Ogden, I am sure he has not left a public bequest.

General, Colonel or Major—I can never remember his title—Seward Webb has presented to each member of the First Vermont and also the widows and the orphans of those men who fell—well, not exactly in battle, as the First Vermont never got any further than Chattanooga, but as victims of embalmed beef and Algerian—a bronze medal, with the words "Spanish War" on one side and on the reverse the name of the donor, W. Seward Webb.

This presentation, about which the country papers, especially those in the neighborhood of Shelburne Farms, have grown maddled, is even worthy of General McCoskry Butt, another hero who never went near the war.

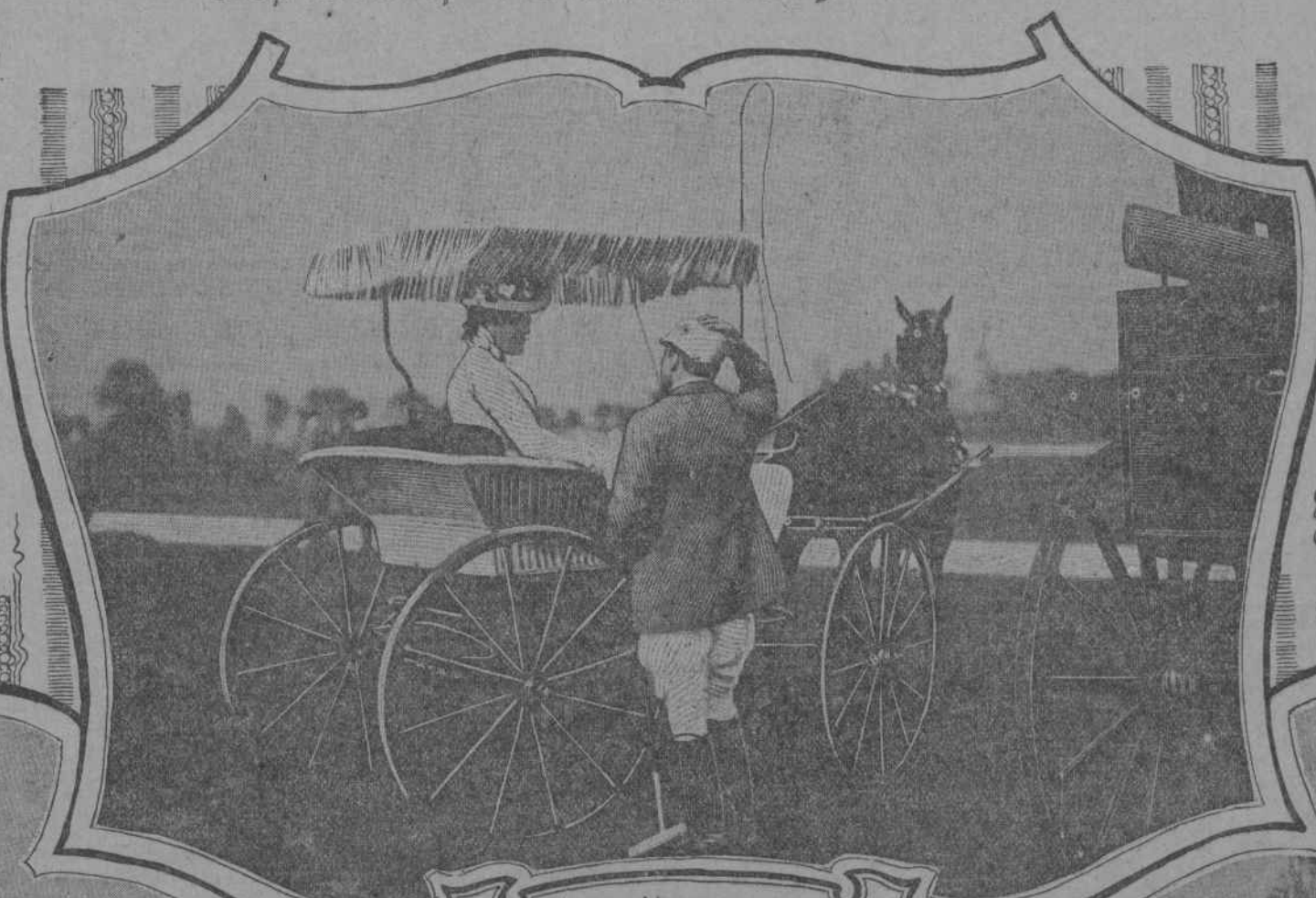
I may be doing an injustice to Seward Webb and to the Webbs in general, but I really do not recall during the progress of the war any great material assistance given to soldiers or suffering families by the Vanderbilt family, of which Seward Webb—having married one of the daughters—is a representative.

This glorious deed of Colonel Webb will be immortal. He has endeavored to make it so, as he has had his name stamped in lasting bronze on the reverse of each of the medals.

What a consolation they must be to the widows and orphans of those who fell by the roadside from hunger and insufficient and improper nourishment!

I have always had an idea that Seward Webb had a Senatorial bee somewhere in his bonnet.

Snap Shots of Well-Known Society Folk in the Field.



MRS. MACKAY
AND WM. C. EUSTICE



MRS. ADOLPH LADENBURG



MRS. EDWARD T. CUSHING,
WILLISTON, L. I.



MISS BULKELEY

coaches this year than last. DeLancey Kane is in Switzerland, and he seems to want to stop abroad for some time. I think he is rather dubious about his son, whom he would not care to see a priest, and he is on that side of the water to keep an eye on him. Funny, isn't it, these days, when you usually keep an eye on the youngster because he wants to be a little wild and sow a few oats.

Willie Jay went over to the Whitney farm, so that the picnic was two coaches short.

Mrs. Mills, however, will give them a royal welcome to-day, and she has a large house party to meet them.

The month of May commencing, of course there are no weddings. The entertainments are petering out one by one, and at the end of the season one has only a few concerts and benefits.

However, the assemblages were good last week.

Miss Evelyn Harris is a very pretty girl from New Orleans, and she has been reciting at different houses this winter with great success. She gives funny little French stories and fables with a subdued Yvette Guilbert manner that is very taking. Peter Marie, Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt and the Willie Sloanes were among the first to take her up, and on Friday evening she had a very good fashionable audience at Bob Reid's fantastic studio. It is just the place for entertaining. The galleries around the main room are excellent points of vantage, and I have wondered that the fan-dress crowd have not gone there. It is much larger than the Constable studio.

Miss Baker had a good lot of people yesterday at her annual reading, and with these affairs the season for indoor amusements has about ended.

The death of "Bob" Goelet was not unexpected. In fact, I thought he would never have outlived his brother Ogden. I remember him last year at the Horse Show and again driving around in the afternoon during the winter. He looked like a living corpse.

Two very strange coincidences are connected with his death. Like his brother Ogden, he died on his yacht, and like his brother Ogden again, his death occurred a few days after he had entertained the Prince of Wales.

H. R. K., as he is called in England, seems to be a hantsee for the Goelet family.

You remember how Ogden Goelet died—starved to death on his luxurious yacht, while just outside his stateroom door there was the clinking of glasses and the musicians were playing dance tunes in honor of the great Prince who had honored the Goelet family—descendants of honest Peter Goelet, an old-time, plain French farmer on the Island of Manhattan. You also remember the sad voyage of that yacht over the ocean with the body of its owner on board, and how, when it was spoken at Newport, the Gerrys, who were not on good terms with the Goets, immediately testified their mourning for their deceased cousin in the usual kindly New York fashion—by entertaining on board of their yacht and sailing away. T/305

The Bob Goets were good friends with the Gerrys, who have had little fallings out with the other members of the Gerry and Goelet families owing to money difficulties and settlement of estates.

Bob Goelet was the most popular of the whole family. He was quite public spirited in his way, and he did a great deal for Newport. His donations had no strings on them. His wife was Hattie Warren. One of her sisters married Starr Miller and one is unmarried.

The death of "Bob" Goelet will make but little difference in the Newport season. The Gerrys and Mrs. Starr Miller will neither go into very deep mourning, and the latter will go abroad after the funeral.

The Nahma will come to America bearing the body of its master just as the other brother was brought back two years ago. The funeral services will be at Newport, and for them society may go to the city by the sea a little sooner than its wont.

With all the property of the Goets, their immense holdings and with such buildings as the Imperial and the Manhattan hotels, the Knickerbocker Theatre and the great tracts of tenement property, the family has transacted its business in a little office built in a stable just off Fifth avenue, and the family lawyer, George Dewitt, has his office in the funny little old house where Peter Goelet used to attend to his affairs. It is a quaint three-story structure on Nassau street, and in order to preserve it some years ago an outer wall was built around it. When you go to the office, however,

New York has a Vanderbilt representative; why not Vermont? And come along others through the vast country traversed by the iron rails of the Vanderbilt system.

Now, on second thought, I may have done an injustice to the Webbs. For was not our only Creighton a warrior of renown? He was the Vanderbilt appointment at the hands of a grateful nation. I think he found it harder work than "loading around European thrones."

I have heard him tell the story of the Astoria cafe of his wonderful and thrilling experiences in bearing dispatches from one part of that same field to the other while the bullets whistled by his head, and I have also heard another story of that same event, which is possibly not so thrilling.

But we must not take the glory from those to whom glory is due. I know we all have jealous enemies, and I believe the Astoria story told by Webb himself.

And has he not brought from Santiago a bit of a sacred picture which hung in the Cathedral there? This alone is a trophy of war, of absolute authenticity, while the bronze medals—well it was not the fault of the First Vermont that they got no further than the bloody field of Chattanooga.

Of course no one will talk of anything else this week and next week but the marriage of Jessie Sloane and Perry Belmont. She is now Mrs. Perry Belmont and once again there are two Mrs. Perry Belmonts in society and two Belmont factions to think of. When Oliver Belmont married, the Sloanes refused to recognize him or to approve his marriage, and Perry Belmont followed suit. Now that Perry has married, I suppose the Olivers will refuse to recognize that marriage. But nobody else cares much in this busy world and soon the little incidents will be forgotten and all will run smoothly as ever.

I need hardly remind any readers that they first learned of the Sloane divorce and the Perry Belmont-Jessie Sloane wedding from me.

The marriage and the divorce were both announced in the Morning Journal by me on April 21. Of course I had known for a long time before that that the divorce was to be followed by the wedding immediately. All of Perry's friends knew of it. It seemed to me the wisest thing all around to print the facts in advance and forestall a lot of foolish, ignorant gossip by irresponsible reporters on other newspapers who know about as much of society as society knows of them.

My publication of the facts in the Journal came as a great surprise to Perry and to Mrs. Sloane, but both agreed with me that since the facts were bound to be announced in advance by me, it was as well to have them announced authoritatively and accurately.

Of course, everybody is asking now the one question:

What will be the attitude of society?

I cannot see that there should be any special attitude. There can be no protest save on a basis of hypocrisy. Nobody knows anything now that he did not know before. Mrs. Gerry and all of Mrs. Sloane's old friends are sure to stick to her. All of Perry's friends are bound to stick to him.

The announcement that he has gone to Washington with Mrs. Perry to visit his sister shows that he will have the support of his family so far as real influence is concerned.

Besides, the Belmont fortune is quite a large one. The old Anzani Belmont place at Newport, By-the-Sea, now owned by Perry, is quite a fine one—a good vegetable garden, by the way. Mrs. Perry is surely one of the cleverest as well as one of the best looking women in society.

I predict that they will win.

Society soon forgets everything except a lack of money. It never forgets that.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

London.

April 25.—The prospects of the London season are not bright. At this date in most years a long list of private events—dinners, receptions and balls—could be announced. Now we have no great society function, except it be the Charing Cross Bazaar. After all, however brilliant may be the crowd attending it and however distinguished the people presiding over it, unless a few of the great hostesses promptly wake up to the dullness of the time the season will be something of a fiasco. The town is described as unusually empty, and as society people are trying to follow while no one will lead, there is no doubt, if once the idea gains ground that little is going to be done this year, there might be a stampede to gay places—to Paris, for instance, where society activities are seldom lessened by any adverse combination of circumstances. Here the social conditions are gloomy enough.

The death of Frances, Duchess of Marlborough, was in itself a heavy blow. The Duchess of Marlborough, who would have probably made her debut as a London hostess this year, is unable to do anything. Lady Georgiana Curzon is selling her hunters, now that the hunting season is over, and they will be put up at Tattersalls' early next month; but now that she is thrown into mourning it is likely that she will spend a good deal of her time at Woodlands. The great dress artist, Beer, was making several dresses for the Duchess of Marlborough, among others one for the Drawing Room on the 16th of May, when the Queen will receive. But the death in the family alters her plans, and the Duchess has ordered her mourning.

It is dispiriting to note how many people mean to spend the season out of town. There are the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, who have expressed their intention of not coming up to town this year. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are not returning to England until June, when also Mrs. Paget returns in time to look after the Bazaar, which, it is now settled, will take place under brilliant conditions at the Albert Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell will not be in town either until June. Lady Romilly is away for the present, and there seems little likelihood as things now are of any gayeties at Hyde Park, although Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland is better.

All the gayeties just now are centred in Paris. Every one seems to be there, and there is quite an English season in Paris in May. The Duchess of Abercorn and her daughters are staying at the Hotel de l'Athenee, and Lady Dudley, Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Lady Angelsey, Mrs. Murray Guthrie and Mrs. Ernest Beckett are among many smart people at the Ritz Hotel, which was quite so fete while the Prince of Wales was there, with Lady Essex, Lady Cholmondeley, Lady Wolverton, Lady De Grey, Lady Randolph Churchill and all the pretty women, many of them wearing evening dress, according to the English fashion, instead of day dress, as is the fashion at every other restaurant in Paris.

The Prince of Wales left Sandringham on Monday last for Newmarket to attend the Spring meeting, and returns to town to-night after the races. His engagement is a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis-West at Ruffin Castle, Denbighshire, when he will attend the Chester races for three days and return to town on May 4.

The Drawing Room on May 16 will, of course, be the great function of the season. Princess Margaret of Connaught makes her social debut and joins the royal circle in the Throne Room for the first time. Mrs. Choate will present her daughter, and there will be few other American debutantes. The rule that the American debutantes must be limited to four at every Drawing Room is not a hard and fast order, but dependent on the Lord Chamberlain.

Letters from Simla continue to report favorably on Lady Curzon's condition. Lavish hospitality is the feature of the Viceregal Lodge. The two Miss Leiters, Lady Curzon's sisters, are with their sister and brother-in-law, and abiding in the reflected

glory of their relatives' exalted position. Both are attractive looking girls, but have not the same distinction and charm of manner that has won popularity for Lady Curzon. Her Excellency is enjoying very good health since she left Calcutta. The Count of Turin, Sir Trevor Chichele-Powden and Colonel Robertson, Resident of Bangalore, were among the last batch of visitors at Government House, Calcutta, before the general exodus for the hot weather.

An interesting society announcement is the engagement of Lady Ulrica Duncombe and the Bishop of Stepney. Lady Ulrica is the youngest and certainly the handsomest of all Lord and Lady Faversham's daughters—and they have all been quite famous for their good looks. The late Duchess of Leinster was the eldest of four sisters, the others being Lady Cynthia Graham and Lady Helen Vincent. Lady Helen Vincent is the wife of Sir Edgar Vincent, and is fair, tall and lovely. Lady Cynthia Graham is tall and very much like the Duchess of Leinster. Lady Ulrica is very like Lady Cynthia Graham, and is most distinguished looking. She is tall and dark, with beautiful, flashing eyes. She does not care at all for society, but is devoted to the fine arts, and is decidedly of a literary turn of mind. The wedding in all probability will take place in September in Yorkshire.

Paris.

April 28.—Mrs. Walden-Pell, the senior of the American women in Paris, has taken on a new lease of life since the honorary presidency of the projected American National Institute, of Paris, has been conferred upon her. She is a liberal donor, and the honorary presidency has been given to her in recognition thereof. Some, however, see in the scheme an evidence to even up matters with a dead foe, the late Dr. Evans, who persistently declined to allow Mrs. Pell to have anything to do with his Home for American Girls. One American woman was present at the dinner given the other day by Sir Edmund and Lady Monson in honor of the Duke of Cambridge. The solitary exception was a Mrs. Munroe, the wife of the American banker. Indeed, the two Mesdames Munroe, Mrs. John and Mrs. George, are invited to every rout and festivity of any consequence.

Though the entente cordiale between England and the United States may be developing in a way to gladden the heart of Mr. Chamberlain, there is an open rupture between English and American social leaders in Paris. The cause of it is the simple and commonplace one of a charity concert. It seems that a concert in aid of the British and American orphanage has been planned to take place early in May, and while several English ladies of high degree, such as Lady Monson, the Baroness de Rothschild, the Baroness Leonida, etc., are named as patronesses, not a single American woman figures in the list. Hence the War of the Roses.

In pursuit of his hobby of bringing women of different countries together to exchange ideas, M. Bernard, director of the Independence Belge, had several nationalities represented by their fair ones at a soiree given by him recently. For instance, the Boulangist Duchess, D'Azes, bobbed with Mrs. Strauss, of New York, while another American woman, Mrs. Edgar Stern, kept Lady Campbell Clarke and the Countess d'Anvers in countenance.

The Baroness de Reibnitz, nee Schlesinger, has given the last of her musicales for the season. She and her sister, Miss Schlesinger, sang well, and during the winter have afforded a good deal of musical entertainment to the members of the American colony. To hear her sing no one would imagine that this good looking American woman bears the burden of a domestic sorrow. Perhaps it deepens the pathos of her voice, but no one can say that the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

Mme. Felix Faure has made up her mind to spend the greater portion of each year in Paris. Havre is full of old memories, and both she and her daughter have become accustomed to the fascinating flow of Paris life. Mme. Lucie Faure has postponed her marriage, but as she and Mr. Chris, the son of the well-known Senator, are very much attached to each other, the marriage probably take place this Autumn. Both the daughters of the late President are an official list of tastes, and it is said that Mme. Lucie and her sister, Mme. Berge, are prepossessing and elegant. All M. Faure, which will contain no revelations, but many interesting letters and integrity. Mme. Faure and her daughters have been very much distressed by the loss of an official account of the late President's last hour. Indeed, Mme. Faure added her from this source, and communication should be sent to the press, but her friends have furthered the discussion, which it was thought would, without coming to a logical